THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1809.

Virtue is lovely :---she is adored by her friends, and even respected by her enemies. So say all moralists from the days of Socrates and Plato to those of Akinside and Paley. She might have been handsome in her youth, but time must have had a wonderful effect on her charms; for now the company of no old, wrinkled, toothless, snarling hag is more carefully avoided than that of this same old starch dame Virtue. Whereas Vice, attended by Disease and Infamy, is courted, ---is adored by the *many*. Ergo, Vice is lovely, Virtue ugly.

To prove the truth of this, only take a walk about nine in the evening through the Park, up Broadway, along Barley-street, and you may see crowds of old and young, and every shade of colour from pure white to jet black, prowling the streets or lurking at the corners, and ready to pay any price for the favours of Vice, and the smiles of Destruction.

For many centuries past, this old damsel Virtue and her sister Religion, have been making a great rout about the treachery of Hypocrisy, in robbing them of their lovers, though I verily believe Vice has had quite as much reason to complain. The following is one instance among many millions.

Mr. C - - - - - - - C - - - - - - - - - is of a respectable family, and received a virtuous education;---was modest;---was admired by all who knew him for the goodness of his heart and the suavity of his manners:---he worshipped Virtue. Unfortunately, he either had or affected a taste for music; and would frequently spend his evenings amongst those masters of the ear-tickling art. At these meetings nothing is so unfashionable as Modesty; indeed it is a standing rule to bundle her out, neck and heels, should she ever dare to make her appearance there. Mr. C. has not been a member more than a year, and he talks incessantly of the charming girls at Mrs. R's, Miss W's, Mrs. M's, G's, J's, and of almost every rendezvous for debauchery in town; though he has never visited a tenth part of them, nor ever had gallantry enough to salute a lady in a familiar way. All his ambition is to pass for a rake; but, alas, Nature never meant him for that character: she made him virtuous, and it has cost him great pains to make himself vicious. You may frequently hear him brag of getting groggy;---drinking, at one sitting, more gin and brandy than would make half a dozen of the clearest heads in town reel; whereas he

did not drink more than two glasses, the rest he gave away:---he hates liquor. He wishes to swear with a grace; but though he has practised all the most fashionable oaths for these two months, yet he cannot say damm'it without stammering. Lying seems the only buckish accomplishment he is likely to succeed in:---he can tell a tough story with as good a grace as any of the *knowing ones*. As to many of the other genteel acquirements of a true *dashing blade*, such as bilking stitch-louse, and queering daddy and mammy, I totally despair of his ever attaining.

Let moralists write against Vice till the whole science of reasoning is exhausted; let parsons preach like Solomon against her, yet, like him too, they are always ready to receive her smiles and favours.

THE EYE.

MY TROUBLES.

He knocked at the door, and instead of his Friend - - - - - - - - but I think I may as well postpone the story until next week. I am truly sorry to inform my readers that I am going out of town to-morrow morning; and it is a pity to spoil a good story by telling it in too great haste; however, I am happy to have it in my power to assure them, they shall know all about it next week. I am extremely mortified that I have delayed it till the very eve of my departure, as I had plenty of time to have written it before, but I have great pleasure and satisfaction in thinking that when they do have it, it will remunerate them for all the anxiety I have been so unfortunate to produce. It gives me intense anguish that I am so apt to procrastinate my good intentions till it is almost always too late to put them into execution; but I receive exquisite delight at the determination I have just made, for the ninety thousandth time, of never being guilty again of suffering frivolous pleasures or morbid melancholy to turn me aside, or obliterate my well formed resolutions.

ON FORMING A TASTE FOR SIMPLE PLEASURES.

(Continued from our last.)

It is not without a sigh that a thinking man can pass by a lordly mansion, some sweet retreat, deserted by its falsely-refined possessor, who is stupidly carousing in the taverns of a polluted city. When he sees the chimney without smoke in the venerable house, where all the country was once welcomed to partake of the princely hospitality, he cannot help lamenting that progress of refinement, which, in rendering the descendants of the great fine gentlemen, has left them something less than men, through the defect of manly virtues.

The superintendance of a garden might of itself occupy a life elegantly and pleasurably. Nothing is better able to gratify the inherent love of novelty; for Nature is always renewing her variegated appearance. She is infinite in her productions, and the life of man may come to its close before he has seen half the pictures which she is able to display. The taste for gardening in England is at present pure. Nature is restored to her throne, and reigns majestically beautiful in rude magnificence. The country abounds with cultivated tracts truly paradisaical. But as the contemplative observer roams over the lawn, and enjoys the shade of the weeping willow, he is often led to inquire, "Where is now the owner of this wilderness of sweets? Happy man!" he exclaims, "to possess such a spot as this, and to be

able at all times to taste the pleasure which I feel springing in my bosom." But, alas! the owner is engaged in other scenes. He is rattling over the streets of London, and pursuing all the sophisticated joys which succeed to supply the place where Nature is relinquished. If he condescends to pay an annual visit to the retreat, he brings with him all his acquired inclinations; and while he sits at the card-table or at the banquet, and thinks of little else than promoting his interest at the next election, he leaves the shrub to blossom and diffuse its sweets in unobserved solitude.

Can it be believed that Nature bestowed beauty on the foliage of a flower but with a view to please? The fruit might be produced, in the same process, without any richness and diversity of colour. No other animals are sensible of their grace but the human; and yet the austere man of business, or the vain man of pleasure, will arraign another with a face of importance for his admiration of a flower. He calls the taste trifling and useless. But is not a refusal to be pleased with such appearances like the malignant unthankfulness of a sullen guest who refuses to taste the most delicious dainties prepared for his entertainment?

Fine weather in this country is the source of a very sensible pleasure; but he who is engrossed by vice or by business will live half a life without admiring the beauties of a blue sky, basking in the vernal sunshine, or inhaling, with any consciousness of delight, the balsam of a western gale.

A fondness for the pleasing animals which Nature has placed around us is another source of natural, and pure, and innocent amusement. The plumage and the song of the bird were doubtless intended to delight the ear and the eye. Who can behold the playful lamb without complacency? The fidelity of the dog, the generosity of the horse, and the characteristic qualities, as well as shape and beauty, of all animated nature, are admirably adapted to charm the heart which is yet unspoiled.

But in a proper intercourse and behaviour among our fellow-creatures is found to consist our principal and most constant delight. To do good, and to prevent evil, as far as the sphere of our influence or activity extends, is an infallible method of deriving to ourselves pleasurable emotions. And if we consult what passes in our bosoms before our youthful sensibilities are blunted, we shall find that Nature has taught us to find a great pleasure in relieving distress, and in communicating happiness.

The cunning and the crafty, of whom consists a great part of the busy crowd, who derive an unnatural influence from the possession of riches, will deem the simplicity which I have recommended folly. Such men will deem truth also folly. They consider virtue and truth as words invented to delude the simple ones; but, indeed, to retain through life something of the simplicity of the infant, will render the improved and cultivated *man* truly wise. For, after all the refinements of false philosophy, and the low arts of Jesuitical cunning, honesty is our truest interest, and innocence our best wisdom. *Knox.*

EXTRACT FROM ST. PAUL'S DISCOURSE BEFORE FELIX.

BY JAMES SAURIN.

(Concluded.)

He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. But who can here supply the brevity of the historian, and report

the whole of what the apostle said to Felix on these important points? It seems to me, in imagination, that I hear him enforcing those important truths he has left us in his works, and placing in the fullest lustre those divine maxims interspersed in our Scriptures. *He reasoned of righteousness.* There he maintained the rights of the widow and the orphan. He made it evident, that kings and magistrates are established to maintain the rights of the people, and not to indulge their own caprice: that the design of supreme authority is to make the whole happy by the vigilance of one, and not to gratify one at the expence of all: that it is meanness of mind to oppress the wretched who have no defence but cries and tears; that nothing is so unworthy of an enlightened man as that ferocity, with which some are inspired by dignity; and which obstructs their respect for human nature, when undisguised by worldly pomp; that there is nothing so noble as goodness and grandeur, associated in the same character: that this is the highest felicity: that in some sort it transforms the soul into the image of God; who, from the high abodes of majesty in which he dwells surrounded with angels and cherubims, deigns to look down on this mean world which we inhabit, and *leaves not himself without witness, doing good to all.*

He reasoned of temperance. There, he would paint the licentious effects of voluptuousness. There, he would demonstrate how opposite this propensity is to the Spirit of the gospel; which every where enjoins *retirement, mortification,* and *self-denial.* He would show how it degrades the finest characters, who have suffered it to predominate. Intemperance renders the mind incapable of reflection. It debases the heart. It debilitates the mind. It unnerves the soul. He would demonstrate the meanness of a man called to preside over a great people, who should expose his foibles to public view; not having resolution to conceal, much less to vanquish them. With Drusilla, he would make human motives supply the defects of divine: with Felix, he would make divine motives supply the defects of human. He would make this impudent woman feel that nothing on earth is more odious than a woman destitute of honour; that modesty is an appendage of the sex; that an attachment, uncemented by virtue, cannot long subsist; that those who receive illicit favours are the first, according to the fine remark of a sacred historian, to detest the indulgence. *The hatred wherewith Amnon, son of David, hated his sister, after the gratification of his brutal passion, was greater than the love wherewith he loved her.* 2 Sam. xiii. 15. He would make Felix perceive, that however the depravity of the age might seem to tolerate a criminal intercourse with the sex, with God, who has called us all to equal purity, the crime was not less heinous.

He reasoned, in short, of a judgment to come. And here he would magnify his ministry. When our discourses are regarded as connected only with the present period, their force I grant is of no avail. We speak for a Master, who has left us clothed with infirmities; which discover no illustrious marks of the majesty of him, by whom we are sent. We have only our voice, only our exhortations, only our entreaties. Nature is not inverted at our pleasure. The visitations of heaven do not descend at our command to punish your indolence and revolts: that power was very limited even to the apostles. The idea of a future state, the solemnities of a general judgment supply our weakness; and St. Paul enforced this motive; he proved its reality: he delineated its lustre, he displayed its pomp. He resounded in the ears of Felix, the noise, the voices, the trumpets. He showed

him the small and great, the rich man and Lazarus, Felix the favourite of Cæsar, and Paul, the captive of Felix, awoke by that awful voice ; *Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment.*

But let us not be precipitate in commending the apostle's preaching. Its encomiums will best appear by attending to its effects on the mind of Felix. St. Jerome wished concerning a preacher of his time, that the tears of his audience might compose the eulogy of his sermons. We shall find in the fears of Felix occasion to applaud the eloquence of our apostle. We shall find that his discourses where thunder and lightning in the congregations ; as the Greeks used to say concerning one of their orators. While St. Paul preached, Felix felt indescribable emotions in his mind. The recollection of his past life ; the sight of his present sins ; Drusilla, the object of his passion and subject of his crime ; the courage of St. Paul ; all terrified him. His *heart burned within him*, while that disciple of Jesus Christ expounded the Scripture, and the word of God was quick and powerful. The apostle with the two-edged sword, dividing the joints, and the marrow, carried conviction to his mind. He trembled.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

PART I.

Confiteor facere hoc annos ; sed et altera causa est
Anxietas animi, continuusque dolor. OVID.

Magistrate, Vagrant, Constable, &c.

Vagrant.

Take, take away thy barbarous hand,
And let me to thy master speak ;
Remit a while the harsh command,
And hear me, or my heart will break.

Magistrate.

Fond wretch ! and what canst thou relate,
But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin ?
Thy crime is prov'd, thou know'st thy fate ;
But come, thy tale ! begin, begin !---

Vagrant.

My crime ! this sick'ning child to feed,
I seiz'd the food, your witness saw ;
I knew your laws forbad the deed,
But yielded to a stronger law.

Know'st thou to nature's great command,
All human laws are frail and weak ?
Nay ! frown not---stay his eager hand,
And hear me, or my heart will break.

In this th' adopted babe I hold,
With anxious fondness to my breast,
My heart's sole comfort, I behold,
More dear than life, when life was blest,
I saw her pining, fainting, cold,
I begg'd---but vain was my request.

I saw the tempting food, and seiz'd---
My infant-sufferer found relief ;

And in the pilfer'd treasure pleas'd,
Smil'd on my guilt and hush'd my grief.

But I have griefs of other kind,
Troubles and sorrows more severe;
Give me to ease my tortur'd mind,
Lend to my woes a patient ear;
And let me---if I may not find
A friend to help find one to hear.

Yet nameless let me plead---my name
Would only wake the cry of scorn;
A child of sin conceiv'd in shame,
Brought forth in woe, to misery born.

My mother dead, my father lost,
I wander'd with a vagrant crew;
A common care, a common cost,
Their sorrows and their sins I knew;
With them, on want and error forc'd,
Like them, I base and guilty grew.

Few are my years, not so my crimes;
The age, which these sad looks declare,
Is sorrow's work, it is not time's,
And I am old in shame and care.

Taught to believe the world a place,
Where every stranger was a foe,
Train'd in the arts that mark our race,
To what new people could I go?
Could I a better life embrace,
Or live as virtue dictates? No!

So through the land, I wandering went,
And little found of grief or joy;
But lost my bosom's sweet content,
When first I lov'd, the Gipsy-boy.

A sturdy youth he was and tall,
His looks would all his soul declare,
His piercing eyes were deep and small,
And strongly curl'd his raven-hair.

Yes, Aaron had each manly charm,
All in the May of youthful pride,
He scarcely fear'd his father's arm,
And every other arm defied.---

Oft when they grew in anger warm,
(Whom will not love and power divide?
I rose, their wrathful souls to calm,
Not yet in sinful combat tried.

His father was our party's chief,
And dark and dreadful was his look,
His presence fill'd my heart with grief,
Although to me he kindly spoke.

With Aaron I delighted went,
His favour was my bliss and pride;
In glowing hope our days were spent,
Love, growing charms in either spied,

It saw them, all which nature lent,
  It lent them, all which she denied.
Could I the father's kindness prize,
  Or grateful looks on him bestow;
Whom I beheld in wrath arise,
  When Aaron sank beneath his blow?
He drove him down with wicked hand,
  It was a dreadful sight to see;
Then vex'd him till he left the land,
  And told his cruel love to me;
The clan were all at his command,
  Whatever his command might be.
The night was dark, the lanes were deep,
  And one by one they took their way;
He bade me lay me down and sleep,
  I only wept and wish'd for day.
Accursed be the love he bore,---
  Accursed was the force he us'd,---
So let him of his God implore
  For mercy, and be so refus'd!
You frown again,---to show my wrong,
  Can I in gentle language speak?
My woes are deep, my words are strong,---
  And hear me, or my heart will break.
Magistrate.
I hear thy words, I feel thy pain;
  Forbear awhile to speak thy woes;
Receive our aid, and then again,
  The story of thy life disclose.
For, though seduc'd and led astray,
  Thou'st travell'd far and wander'd long;
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
  And all the turns that led thee wrong.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. J. G. Jackson, from the committee of foreign relations, reported the bill to amend and continue in force the non-intercourse act, with amendment---Twice read, referred to a committee of the whole house, and appointed the order of the day for Thursday.

Aaron Burr and Miranda.---The Spanish junta ambassador at London (Apadoca) having made representations to the British minister for foreign affairs, that several persons were in London who had in hand an enterprize against the Spanish colonies in South America, Miranda and Burr were particularly named; the former however contrived to obtain a passage in a vessel bound to St. Christophers, for which place it is said he departed; Aaron Burr who was also summoned to appear, did not make his escape, but presented himself according to the summons, and was notified that he must depart from England; he disclaimed all connexion or participation with any design against the Spanish colonies, and claimed as a British subject,

under *magna charta*, to remain unmolested in the country, to which he owed and avowed allegiance.

Upon its being urged that he was an American citizen, and that he had held a station there, which put his character of an American beyond question; he disclaimed the character of an American citizen, and asserted that he was entitled to protection by birth under the British government long before the independence of America: and that although the British government might connive at it, he maintained, that the principles of British law and policy never admitted of expatriation; and could not refuse to recognize the right of any subject born within the realm or its colonies.

He was nevertheless advised that he must depart the realm.

He therefore signified that it was out of his power, that he was destitute of the funds requisite to defray the expenses of his removal, or to discharge the obligations which he had already incurred.

Whether the funds were advanced or not, we have not learnt---but he was accompanied to one of the ports on the North Sea, and shipped for the continent.

Who that is in the habit of frequenting *any* Church in THIS city but must have observed the shameful practice of the young gentlemen of New-York?---As soon as the service is over they marshal themselves on either side of the Church doors in order to stare at the Ladies, and often insult them by their remarks. It is not unfrequent that they have the insolence to look under a Lady's bonnet. This indecorous conduct should be remedied in some way or other; I know of no method more likely to be efficient than for the minister of each congregation occasionally to animadvert on the impropriety of such a practice, and for the door keepers or sextons to exercise a proper authority by driving such *unruly boys* from the doors of the Church.

MARRIED,

On the 7th inst. by the rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. Wm. S. Clarke, to Miss Catharine F. Giltzow, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Jacob Sutphen, to Miss Mary Inglis, both of this city.

At Brooklyn, on Monday last, by the rev. Mr. Filthis, Mr Richard Smith, merchant, to Miss Sarah Davis, both of Setaket, Long-Island.

BILL OF MORTALITY,
from the 28th May to the 4th June.

	Years.		years.
Sebastian Good Schalk	55	David williams ch.	7
Jane Kibby	28	Benj. Johnson	7mon.
James Jails	20	Catharine Williams	20
Bath Boan	24	Nancy Williams bk	60
Nancy Goodwin	84	Robert Nelson	30
James Galbraith	35	John Anson	24
Eliz. Van Gelder	74	Kiziah Titus	50
Benjamin Veitch	28	Freeman Field's chd	1
John S. Town	7	Albert Ryckman	84
Mr. Paret's child	6	Mary Valleau	71
Henry Griffin	32	John Williams	1m
Eleanor Davis	40	Eleanor Murphy	3
John Rice	1 day	John White	17m
John Jenkins	3	Eliza Young	24
William Lattemore	40	John Pollibs	2m

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